OH YOU BEAUTY

The happiest of all the ideas.
A perfectly irresistible Chorus.

Words by EDGAR LESLIE
Music by MURRAY BLOOM

Oh! you beauty! Oh! you beauty! You're the reason why the men are fond of squeezin'. Oh! you beauty!

Oh! you beauty! Sweet sensation! You can make or break a nation. Oh! you beauty! Oh! you beauty!

FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES.
"Ragtime Cow Boy Joe."

Words by
GRANT CLARKE.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR.
MAURICE ABRAHAMS.

Allegro moderato.

Out in Ar-i-zo-na where the bad men are,
And the only friend to guide you is an evening star,
Always goes.

Dressed up every Sunday in his Sunday clothes,
He beats it for the village where he.

The roughest toughest
And every girl in
man by far, Is Rag-time Cow Boy Joe.
town is Joe's, 'Cause he's a rag-time bear.

Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep.
When he starts a spiling on the dance hall floor.

Every night they say he sings the herd to sleep.
No one but a lunatic would start a war.

In a bass-o rich and deep.
Wise men know his forty-four.
Crooning soft and low.
Makes men dance for fair.

Ragtime Cow Boy Joe 4
CHORUS.

He always sings raggy music to the cattle, As he

swings back and forward in the saddle On a

horse that is syncopated, gaited, And there's

such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater. How they run when they

Ragtime Cow Boy Joe 4
hear that fellow's gun Because the Western folks all
know, He's a high-falutin' scootin', shootin'
son-of-a-gun from Arizona, Ragtime Cow Boy
Joe. He always Joe.
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee
The Reigning Hit of the Day.
You hear it Everywhere.

"Waiting For The Robert E Lee"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

Chorus
Watch them shuffin' a long
See them shuffin' a long
Go take your best gal

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FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES.
Ragging The Baby To Sleep

Nothing like this ever written before.
Certainly in a field by itself.

“Ragging The Baby To Sleep”

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEVIS P. MUIR

CHORUS

That rag-time walk with baby, baby,

baby you rock and rock with baby. Like some one older,

rests her head upon your shoulder. You don't have to change the baby's

She won't cry, don't you try, Eyes you're rubbing.

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FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES